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BRITANNIA REDIVIVA:

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Britain's Recovery.

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AN

HEROICK POEM

Humbly Inſcrib'd to the

KING's Moſt Excellent Majeſty.

By *R. CHAPMAN*, Vicar of *Cheſhunt*, and Prebendary of *Chicheſter*.

Divis orte bonis, Optime Romulæ
Cuſtos Gentis! abes jam nimiùm diu:
Maturum Reditum pollicitus Patrum
Sancto Concilio, redi.

Lucem redde tuæ, Dux bone, Patriæ:
Inſtar Veris enim, Vultus ubi tuus
Affulſit populo, gratior it dies,
Et ſoles meliùs nitent. Hor.

LONDON:

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT at the Croſs-Keys between the *Temple* Gates in *Fleet-ſtreet*. 1714.

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HEROICK POEM

Humbly Inscrib'd to the

KING's Most Excellent Majesty.

By R. CHAMPMAN, Vicar of Chesham,
and Prebendary of Chichester.

Tutis ore bonis, Optime Romule
Cultos Gentis! nbes jam nitidius diu:
Maternus Reditum pollicitus Patrum
Sancto Concilio, redit.
Lucem redde tuæ, Dux bone, Patriæ:
Instar Veris enim, Vultus ubi tuus
Affulsit populo, Gratior it dies,
Et soles melius nitent. Hor.

LONDON:

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT at the Cross-Keys
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THO' God in Wrath did firſt a King ordain
For *Iſra'l*, murm'ring at his milder Reign:
From whence ſome vainly argue, Kings are ſent,
Not as a Bleſſing, but a Puniſhment:
Thou, Prince, that Sophiſtry doſt well confute,
Thy Preſence ſtrikes all Anti-monarchs mute:
Nay, *Jus Divinum*, now, bears no Diſpute:
To ſave this Iſle thou wer't by Heaven deſign'd,
And in thy Reign *Jehovah*'s Hand we find,
Jehovah pleas'd, no leſs, than all Mankind.

The Great Apoſtle of the *Jews*, 'tis ſaid,
Five thouſand Converts by one Sermon made:

Thy Fame, Great King, at diſtance ſtrikes ſuch Awe,
Myriads, behold! converted by one Law,
Seal'd with the dying Breath of Brave *Naſſau!*
Dying *Naſſau?* No: *William* ſtill muſt live,
Long as Great *GEORGE* can *Britiſh* Monarchs give:
May late ſucceeding Heroes never fail,
From Thee deſcending, of this bleſt Entail!

What various Scenes has Providence diſplay'd!
Britons his OWN, in ſpight of Follies, made!
Not *Iſra'l* more ſurprizing Reſcues met:
O! may not we ſuch Reſcues too forget!
The *Revolution*, Muſe! forbear repeat;
This Reſtoration renders that compleat:
Mirac'lous both, and equal ought to ſhine
In future Annals, as a Work divine!

Hail, Mighty Prince! from diſtant Regions come!
From *Thee*, abroad, Great Monarchs wait their Doom;
From *Thee*, uſurping Bigotries, at home.
Marlbro' by Triumphs *Brittiſh* Fame had rais'd,
By Sov'raigns often, oft by Senates prais'd;

When, by Reverſe of Fate, both ſinking ſtood,
Thou ſav'ſt, by quelling the impetuous Flood.
Lewis le Grand, all *Europe*'s Scourge o' late,
Looks Thunder-ſtruck at this great Turn of Fate;
The *Chevalier* diſcards, *Thee* Monarch owns,
Greets *Thee* by Embaſſies, and fears thy Frowns.
Thy Pow'r does far, to diſtant Climes extend,
The Brave to reſcue from their threatn'd End:
They, Liberty's great Aſſerters, Thou, their Friend.

Welcome, Great Sir, as vital blooming Showers
To the ſcorch'd Earth, and tender, ſick'ning Flowers:
As, after Winter Solſtice, verdant Spring,
Which does to Nature fragrant Beauty bring.
Thy brighter Rays *Britannia* faint revive,
To dying Trade freſh Life and Vigour give,
Subdue all Factious *Hydra's*, back repel
Thoſe Party Furies to their native Hell.

How does Great *Albion* rear her drooping Head,
Penſive before, with black Deſpair o'erſpread!

Sanguine

Sanguine ſhe ſmiles on her *Æneas* ſent
With Brave *Iulus* (by the Fates Intent)
To ſtave impending Storms off *Troy-novant*.
From far, like them! they've left their native Air:
O! may this Soil anſwer the Tiller's Care!
May no vile abject Shrubs our Iſland fill,
Abandon'd to Deſpotick Tyrant's Will!
Nor one Republick, rank, ſeditious Weed,
Which always Strife, often Rebellions breed!
May juſt Prerogative and Rights agree,
And both concenter, Mighty King, in *Thee*!
Thus in an equal Ballance pois'd, thy Reign
All *Europe* o'er juſt Ballance muſt maintain.

No Inſults now we dread from *France*, *Lorrain*;
No ſep'rate Leagues with *Sicily* or *Spain*.
Not *Dunkirk* undemoliſh'd, nor *Mardike*,
Can *England* now with the leaſt Terror ſtrike:
King *GEORGE* aſſerts his Empire o'er the Main,
GEORGE all our raviſht Lawrels will regain,
GEORGE, like that Saint, dreaded on Seas and Plain.

O! may the Winds and Waves their Soveraign know!
To waft Him ſafe, may both propitious flow!

Great Prince! impatient Hopes and dubious Cares
Await Thy bleſt Arrival, with our Pray'rs.
If bare Ideas raiſe ſuch gen'rous Fire,
What Glowings muſt our Monarch ſeen, inſpire?
So, if but diſtant Views of *Cana'n*'s Hill
Did the *Jews* Lawgiver with Raptures fill,
What muſt his Entrance and Enjoyment raiſe!
Tho' both deny'd, his Maker had his Praiſe.
Thrice happy *Britons!* who poſſeſs this Land,
View *Moſes* ent'ring, with his budding Wand,
Our Laws to ſettle, and our Hoſts command.
Unhappy *Brunſwick!* thy great Loſs we mourn;
Tho', that to Us in rapt'rous Joys muſt turn.

'Tis true, the Guilty may thy Coming fear;
For that will ſoon all State Ænigma's clear.
Thoſe Patriots of their Country, thy Vice-roys,
(Whoſe ſublime Parts the Public Weal employs)

Have in their weighty Trust such Wisdom shewn,
That, when discharg'd, their Enemies must own
No truer Friends, or brighter, to the Crown.
And good the Page of future Bliss was made,
By thy Wise Choice of such Great States-mens Aid:
How have they smooth'd thy Toils! their finish'd Plan
Points out the Good, detects the Guilty, Man.

But, Muse, forbear, nor Grievances unfold;
Let nothing sad, to gloom this Day, be told.
No unharmonious Discords, nothing base
Be touch'd, this solemn Entry to disgrace!
May grateful Voice and Hearts united, join,
To welcome *GEORGE* and his Illustrious Line;
A Theam too mighty for the tuneful Nine!

As *Isra'l* once and *Judah* did contend,
Which might the most exert, as *David's* Friend:
So may no other Strife this Land molest,
Not who may flatter, but may serve *Thee*, best.

FINIS.